
REVIEW OF POETRY,
ANCIENT and MODERN.

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REVIEW OF
ANCIENT & MODERN
COUNTRY



REVIEW
OF
POETRY,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.
A
POEM.

BY LADY M*****.

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REVIEWS

POETRY

ANCIENT MODERN



POEM

BY J. B. B. B.

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REVIEW

OF

POETRY,

ADDRESSED TO A SON.

OBJECT of my fondest care,
'Mid whose gay and childish air,
Pleas'd attention can descry
Reason's dawning brightness nigh;
While she, with delighted view,
Marks thy cheek of rosy hue,
Marks thine eye, whose vivid light
Shines than orient gems more bright;

B

Marks

Marks thy brows serenely bold,
 Crown'd with locks of waving gold;
 While an inexpressive charm,
 More than features, more than form,
 Which no pencil e'er could trace,
 Heightens every infant grace.
 Twice three Summers now have shed
 Their warm sun-beams o'er thy head,
 Summers, fraught with anxious fears
 To reflection's riper years:
 While o'er Europe's wasted lands
 Discord hurls her flaming brands,
 And her rugged arms embrace
 Gallia's sanguinary race,
 Fixing in each savage mind
 Hatred to the human kind—

Pale

Pale experience, all aghast,
 Reads the future in the past,
 And amidst impending gloom,
 Trembles for the nation's doom.
 Thee, lov'd boy, no cares molest,
 Shade thy brow, or heave thy breast;
 Or if cares should discompose,
 Like the dew-drop on the rose,
 Or like clouds before the wind,
 Light, they leave no trace behind.
 Genuine delights are thine,
 Mirth and innocence divine,
 Cherub health of florid hue,
 Quick surprise for ever new,
 Frolic fancy, gay and free,
 Gilds the rapid hours for thee.

Happy

Happy age, to grief unknown!
 Happy age, but quickly flown!
 Soon thy sports thou must resign,
 Studious labor then is thine;
 Far from every youthful play
 Grave instruction points thy way:
 Science, rich in ancient store,
 Spreads for thee her classic lore:
 Armed with magisterial rage
 Pedants guard the mystic page,
 Urging on thy tardy flight
 To distinction's steepy height.
 Rough is learning's arduous road,
 Yet with brightest flowrets strow'd,
 Flowrets, 'mid the waste of time,
 Blooming in eternal prime.

Poefy

Poesy, with pleasing guile,
 Oft shall chear each graver toil,
 And by fiction lead thy youth
 To the sense of moral truth.
 When, enraptur'd, you rehearse
 Matchless Homer's glowing verse,
 While his artful muse by turns
 Chills with fear, with ardour burns,
 Melts to pity's softened state,
 Or inspires with generous hate;
 Let th' instructive tale impart
 Virtuous caution to thy heart:
 Let the ten-years fatal war
 Teach thee early to beware,
 Nor to passion's dangerous sway
 Yield thyself a willing prey.

Thus, had sensual Paris strove
 To o'ercome his guilty love,
 Lawless Helen had remained
 Honour'd in her native land :
 Valiant chiefs, untimely slain,
 Had not pressed the hostile plain :
 And, undrenched in royal blood,
 Troy's illustrious towers had stood.
 Oft entranc'd thou shalt admire
 Pindar's wild eccentric fire,
 Borne on fancy's rapid wings,
 Swifter than the theme he sings,
 Hesiod, who to thought refin'd
 Purity of diction join'd,
 Anacreon, whose lyric lay,
 Ever graceful, ever gay,

Cele-

Celebrates in festive scene
 Wine's young God, and Beauty's Queen,
 Sappho's bright poetic flame,
 Of her sex the pride and shame,
 Bion, o'er whose laureate hearse,
 Moschus mourn'd in sweetest verse,
 Theocritus, whose polish'd sense
 Shines in simple elegance,
 While he paints in valleys green
 Joys that wait the rural scene,
 Sophocles, of lofty thought,
 And the Bard * with pathos fraught,
 Who recites the direful fate
 That attends fraternal hate.—
 O, may ne'er such hate accurs'd
 In my children's breasts be nurs'd,

But

* Euripides.

But a mutual constant love
 Cheer those ills which all must prove.
 Aristophanes combin'd
 Brilliant wit and force of mind;
 Yet with an indignant rage
 Turn from his licentious page,
 That to ridicule consigned
 Th' ornament * of human kind—
 See amid a later age
 Plautus charm the Latian stage;
 Quick invention's varied mien
 Sparkles in each comic scene,
 But too oft th' averted eye
 Turns from gross obscenity.

* Socrates.

Terence chaster, more refin'd,
 Pleases and improves the mind :
 To complete his polish'd line,
 Lælius Africanus join :
 Attic taste his pen revives,
 And Menander in him lives.
 Rudely learned Ennius sung
 Fair Linternum's groves among ;
 Yet his energetic strain
 Could even Cato's praise obtain.
 In Lucretius we lament
 Talents lost, and time mispent :
 Taught amid Athenian schools
 Atheism's pernicious rules,
 Idly learn'd, he dares advance
 Fairest order sprung from chance,

While confus'dly atoms hurl'd,
 Harmoniz'd into a world.
 Much Catullus must we prize
 Who dar'd Cæsar's wrath despise:
 Yet more praise should he receive
 Who so nobly could forgive.
 Mantua's bard sublimely sings
 Fates of heroes and of kings,
 Or descending to the plains,
 Warbles sweet in rustic strains.
 Horace points his satire strong,
 Or awakes the lyric song.
 Ovid's tender lines impart
 Subtile poison to the heart.
 Soft in elegiac strains
 Fond Tibullus' muse complains:

With

With no vain ambition fraught,
 He nor wealth nor honours fought,
 Scorning mid a courtly train
 Even the imperial smile to gain.
 Native energy and fire
 In Propertius' lays conspire,
 While his fixed and ardent flame
 Gives to Cynthia lasting fame.
 Vainly the fond muse's love
 Deathless wreaths for Gallus wove:
 By ingratitude * debas'd,
 He their partial boon disgrac'd.
 Hapless Lucan's nervous strain
 Paints Pharsalia's sanguine plain.

* Having conspired against Augustus, his benefactor.

Gay Petronius could control
 Savage Nero's cruel soul :
 But too soon his alter'd fate
 Sunk beneath the tyrant's hate.
 Thus from every age we prove
 Vice can never truly love ;
 For in present as in past,
 Virtuous friendships only last.
 Juvenal with generous rage
 Lash'd the vices of his age ;
 Yet full oft his nervous thought,
 In unseemly language wrought,
 Spreads a deeply crimson'd die
 O'er the cheek of modesty.
 Like him, to satirical ays
 Persius consecrates his days.

But

But disgusted to behold
 Nature in so foul a mould,
 Oft we close their list of crimes,
 And revert to happier times—
 As in the metallic mine
 Purest ores mid basest shine,
 Thus in Statius' doubtful page
 Beauties mixed with faults engage.
 Tho' renown be Martial's due,
 With contempt the bard we view
 Who, from vanity or fear,
 Meanly sooth'd a tyrant's ear.
 Claudian's lustre cheered the gloom
 That o'erwhelmed declining Rome :
 On th' expiring poet's breast
 Genius sunk to death-like rest,

E

Nor

Nor again review'd the earth
Till awoke by Dante's birth.
Mid a rude, unlettered age
Dante formed his mystic page;
Hence the obscure and rugged line
Often clouds the work divine;
Yet his self-illumin'd ray
Kindled to a brighter day.
Softest passion, purest fire
Petrarch's moving lines inspire,
While the loves and virtues mourn
With him o'er his Laura's urn.
Ariosto's sportive muse
Fiction's wildest themes pursues,
Tells of necromantic ire,
Stygian sprights, and giants dire,

Knights

Knights on flying coursers borne,
 Streams inspiring love and scorn,
 Beauties fatal to behold,
 Paladins and virgins bold,
 Who with more than mortal might
 Rag'd unconquer'd thro' the fight.
 Taffo in sublimer strains
 Sings Judæ's hallow'd plains,
 Pious Godfrey's spotless fame,
 Tancred's unavailing flame,
 Guelpho's feats, from whom we trace
 Honour'd Brunswick's warlike race,
 Young Rinaldo's conquering arms,
 False Armida's baleful charms,
 And superior to his fate,
 Solomon in exile great.

Leav-

Leaving now each foreign soil,
 Turn we to thy native isle;
 Genius with a fonder eye
 View'd nor Greece nor Italy.
 Happy land by nature blest,
 In her fairest liv'ry drest!
 Mild the suns and pure the gales
 That refresh her grassy vales;
 Her's are daughters fam'd for charms,
 Her's are sons renown'd for arms,
 Nor for arms alone: the mind,
 By philosophy refin'd,
 Here has fathom'd truths unknown,
 And each science made her own.
 But more learned bards must name
 Bacon's, Newton's, Harvey's fame,

And

And with unremitting toil
 Trace the depth of Locke and Boyle;
 While I view with careless eye
 Fairer scenes of poesy
 As amid the gloom of night,
 When no star emits its light,
 Swift the meteor's sudden ray
 Gleams a momentary day;
 Thus gay Chaucer's mirthful rhymes
 Glittered amid barb'rous times:
 Next descriptive Spenser shrouds
 Truth in allegory's clouds,
 And in Gloriana's name
 Sings Eliza's matchless fame:
 Peerless Shakespeare brightly shone
 With a splendour all his own:

While with eloquence divine
 Nature speaks thro' every line;
 Scorning frigid rules of art,
 He enchants the yielding heart,
 O'er the subject passion reigns,
 Reason charms, and judgment chains,
 And with unresisted sway,
 Steals each captive sense away.
 Jonson's labour'd scenes impart
 Less of genius, more of art:
 Join'd with Beaumont's friendly name,
 Fletcher gains dramatic fame:
 One for brighter wit renown'd,
 One for judgment more profound:
 Loyal Cowley's virtuous mind
 Copious wit to learning join'd.

Den-

Denham in more measur'd lines
 British poesy refines,
 Teaching in his nervous page
 Skill to the succeeding age.
 Strong description, thoughts sublime
 Soaring beyond place or time,
 Scenes of wonder, terror, pain,
 Glow thro' Milton's lofty strain.
 Whether his aspiring flight
 Joins the dazzling sons of light,
 Or amid the infernal reign
 Meets the fall'n angelic train,
 Or in Eden's blissful groves
 With the first of mortals roves,
 Awful grandeur still is shewn
 Unexampled, and alone.

Lavish

Lavish wit and humour gay
 Crown sarcastic Butler's lay,
 Formed to humble and deride
 Zealots' hypocritic pride.
 Bending with empassion'd mien
 O'er pathetic Otway's scene,
 Sympathy with streaming eye
 Mourns fictitious misery;
 For such touching woes are shown
 As each breast must feel its own.
 Courtly Waller's polish'd strain
 Sacharissa woo'd in vain;
 Nor his genius nor his love
 Could the scornful beauty move.
 High amid the sons of fame
 View exhaustless Dryden's name,

Dryden,

Dryden, whose expansive mind
 Strength with harmony combin'd :
 But chill poverty's control
 Oft depress'd his vigorous soul ;
 And indignant we survey
 Adulation stain his lay.
 Philips in majestic strain
 Sings Pomona's cultur'd reign.
 Wit and learning blushing boast
 Smith, by vile intemp'rance lost.
 Easy numbers, smooth and gay,
 Sweetly flow thro' Parnel's lay.
 Fascinating beauties glow
 In the graceful lines of Rowe.
 Warmest praises Garth attend,
 Poverty's and merit's friend.

Addifon's enlighten'd page
 Charm'd while it reform'd the age ;
 There philosophy pourtray'd
 Frowns in no forbidding shade,
 And mid each perplexing care
 Virtue shines divinely fair.
 Prior shews how mental worth
 Far excels the pride of birth ;
 For by talents only rais'd,
 Courtiers fought him, monarchs prais'd.
 Sparkling wit's incessant blaze
 Congreve crown'd with early bays.
 Pensive Gay repin'd to see
 Human hope's uncertainty ;
 Hope, whose visions, bright as vain,
 Still delude, yet still enchain.

In

In despairing Hammond's lines
 With new grace Tibullus shines.
 Constant friendship's sacred flame
 Still illumines Tickell's name,
 Which thro' life conspicuous shone,
 Join'd with taste and Addison.
 Savage with peculiar fate
 Prov'd a barb'rous mother's hate:
 From his native honours torn,*
 Doom'd to calumny and scorn,
 Still o'er his devoted head
 Want her baleful influence shed:
 Yet with a resplendent ray
 Genius cheer'd his rugged way,

* The Earldom of Macclesfield.

And

And when long thro' sorrows led
 Life's indignant spirit fled,
 Generous pity softening blame,
 Gave him to eternal fame.
 Bright was Swift's meridian pride,
 Harley's friend, and Ireland's guide:
 Horrid o'er his closing scene
 Gloom'd pale frenzy's haggard mien.
 Thus like beauty's fragile prime
 Stronger wit must yield to time.
 Where does fleeting bliss then rest?
 Only in religion's breast.—
 Brilliant fancy, judgment clear,
 Melody beyond compeer,
 Quick intelligence of mind,
 Reason strong, and thought refin'd,

All

All that genius, all that art
 Can of magic force impart,
 Varied beauties to display,
 Meet in Pope's enchanting lay.
 Listening to the tuneful strain
 Livid envy frowns in vain,
 While warm admiration pays
 Tributes of ecstatic praise.
 By luxuriant Thomson led
 Fancy climbs the mountain's head;
 Wanders by pale Cynthia's light
 Mid the polar half-year's night,
 Where refulgent meteors glow
 O'er perpetual hills of snow;
 Shuddering from th' impending steep
 Views th' unfathomable deep:

H

Or

Or recoiling from the fight,
 Turns where softer scenes invite:
 Mid the forest's cool retreat
 Shuns the noontide's scorching heat;
 Or in the translucent wave
 Seems the fervid limbs to lave;
 Or mid Afric's sunny vales
 Breathes the aromatic gales,
 While the dazzl'd eyes survey
 Scenes, exuberantly gay.
 Shenstone mid his lov'd retreat
 Sung Alcides' lofty fate;
 How in early youth his mind
 Pleasure's faithless lures declin'd,
 And by hardy virtue train'd,
 Deathless bliss, and glory gain'd.

Sweetly

Sweetly flow the solemn strains
 When desponding Young complains,
 Mourning midnight's deepest gloom,
 Fair Narcissa's early doom :
 Young, who erst severe and gay
 Shone in satire's daring lay.
 Akenfide in colours warm
 Paints imagination's charm.
 Careless Churchill's vigorous mind
 Pours his satire unconfin'd.
 Goldsmith's winning lines impart
 Soft benevolence of heart.
 Where the moon with glimmering ray
 Lights the church-yard's lonely way,
 By pale contemplation led,
 Moral Gray delights to tread.

Mafon

Mason with instructive lay,
 Warns th' ambitious, fair, and gay,
 While o'er beauty's sable bier
 Admiration drops a tear.
 Sense, by studious thought refin'd,
 Critic taste, with candour join'd,
 Strong discernment, just and clear,
 Graceful diction, truth severe,
 Piety's seraphic flame
 Mark enlighten'd Johnson's name.
 Leaving fancy's tuneful train,
 Beauties more sublime remain,
 Where the holy seers of yore
 Pour prophetic wisdom's lore,
 And

And to rapt devotion prove
 Heaven's unceasing truth and love.
 Whether glowing hymns reveal
 Royal David's fervent zeal,
 Or Ifaiah's lofty mind
 Threats the ruin of his kind,
 Or in softer, sweeter strain,
 Jeremiah tells his pain,
 While his sad laments deplore
 Sion's pristine greatness o'er,
 Peerless glories thro' each line
 Prove the origin divine.
 O may each celestial truth
 Influence thy tender youth,

Teach thee every vice to shun
 That has hapless man undone,
 And thro' error's tenfold night
 Lead the to eternal light.

F I N I S

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